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Bard

= = = = =

Airplane I thought was bees
so different outside was
from this cool in

and then the sun
monopolized my sight
and I heard bees

but they were not,
were a mile above me
heading south

then the light
drowned
even them out.

13 May 2012

= = = = =

Trying to retreat
and then the wall
to be in sync
a truck goes by

this is the *sail*
of his great verse
a shadow of it
on quick waves

in the shade of language
are all things made.

14 May 2012

= = = = =

dar la luz

Things try to help but they just want money
 a lifetime work on high steel a life on bridges
 we are children of a span, we watch
 what we think history pass under us
 and the sky never flexes, we are shadows
 casting shadows and the war comes close.

2.

Because capital is the code name for desire.
 For the Swedish Count Alström a flower's named
 and everything is named for something else,
 tiger lily, Arcturus, calendar of nearby stars
 we all give light. But to *give to the light*
 or to *give light to*—only women can
 while the rest of us are just thinking.
 Then tall columns of her temple topple,
 a cry of pain, a tide of blood
 and from such agony a light is born.

3.

This should have been yesterday.
 But every day is Mother's Day
 when the great She-Sun vaults
 redgold over the mute horizon,

sun shout, giving birth to us
again. And in quiet southern
gardens in dark foliage glow
fragrant white gardenias
my mother's flower. Mornings
my sister tends them
standing deep in thought.

14 May 2012

CROW OVER

1.

The crow seems almost
as if over were into.

What I see becomes part of me
musy rooms I walk around

solve for any eye
but where is Musick stor'd?

2.

My hands are all that I have touched
I smell them coming

over the long interpluvials
the girls come back

and here is life again
shapes moving on the planar surfaces

blood dense around the optic chiasmus
the fork of absolute

the desert of not beholding
where promissory flower grow

noisy IOUs of bougainvillea
lovers can't be far

majoring in missing
sad scholars lonesome mattresses

the crow
swept all of that away.

3.

Sometimes a single word
is a theorem

and silence a demonstration
all the specific greens of these specific trees

vital unspeakable differences
quando ver venit meum

how dare remember
any foreign language when

not anything yet's
been said in this?

4.

Tag along, catholic, the aftermath
is after us (shadows of clouds)

sometimes give a life for some shade
hiddenmost fetish simple body of the other

no speculum no adytum *no rose*
but Eros is

when we were little they called it bad.

5.

Lift away the house and find the crow
lift away the sky and simply know

for the swift passage of a bird
disturbs the calm perspective wherein men drowse

quoting from a book written in the heart
that unrelenting palimpsest of years,

you hold an egg up in your fingertips
example of the obvious that saves my life.

6.

I persuaded myself it was ok
to walk with someone in the desert

examining austere details
and by her cybernetic glances

could tell if I was holding
the attention of the place itself itself

and paid my own attention
to the merest

so a snakeskin on the path is one thing
becomes another when she says Look!

that's what she's in the world for,
to make a desperate doubter suddenly see.

7.

for in thine Eyes I see what must be seen
triangulate from the little gasp you give

whoever (as Whitman said) you are
the best of you is you are not me,

the clamor of the evident
floods our silences with hope

I want you where you are and me where I am
the longest line will never break

watch the way a word changes shape
as it worms its way into the ear of the other,

something is always talking
in all the abominations of the natural

even summer afternoons
even in the infrequent rain.

8.

We want more than this
pilgrim weather

a million years ago this too was sea
about the time you woke up in an empty bed

counting the slices of the too-late light
venetian blinds let through

willing to say everything but a name—
it is raining here, can you tell,

I call out to you along the light itself.

15 May2012

= = = = =

Love all weathers equally
they're all illusions they all
belong to you by right
by swimming in the sea

the Apparitions.
For so we are. Alien planet
where we rested soft
some way our exhausted

arms and legs and stayed.

15 May 2012

= = = = =

Knowing the brain part by part
is like an opera that never ends.
The soprano sings forever,
the villain and his henchmen
grumble two octaves down.
The tenor is sort of me, if me
can mean any conscious subject.
Anyone like you or me
sick with desire. Always deeper
the story goes, the plot as they say
thickens, the dense colloidal
universe of brain quivers vastly
in the slightest breeze. Whim.
Memory of a tall young woman
by an oak tree between seasons
waiting for snow. Waiting
for a wind or a word to blow
from that country where things
really have meaning. There,

15 May 2012, Kingston

= = = = =

The Born Man of Wildeo
hair crazed by all-day rain
rapture of green light
subdues the beastlier
animate within. Cool
rain, Scotch mist, his
fur of cotton mildly soaked—
that man is born on earth
so he belongs to you.
Watch him as he watches
the long freight train go past.
Each box is going somewhere
some of them never coming back.

15 May 2012, Kingston

= = = = =

No-wards the sequence starred
into the polar regions—the Monster
told it true: we float rudderless alone
in a world of flashing lights
or in the psychedelic latitudes
skip hurtless over broken glass.

15 May 2012

= = = = =

And they go past me
into the port
I stand on the breakwater
the sea gate
I see the city and am not in the city
I am surrounded by water
but am not sea,
They pass me coming in and going out
I count their catches and hear
the broken music of their engines,
the wind caresses me.
I am alone with my language
which is almost yours.

16 May 2012

= = = = =

How much they have done
and everything waiting still
I have believed in you
more deeply than anyone.
I will go on believing—
the wound is wisdom
and exile means coming home.

16 May 2012

= = = = =

Because of the roads' way
the trees converge
arrow to the north
great green thigh spread south

always the north
the solitary the proud
though pride is not the music
it's something else

it's the intact the self
fallen through itself
out into clarity
green of ice green of tree

Colors are the nuncios of reality
the natural shine of whatever is—

when I was a kid
painting wood seemed a sin

to color something was to hide it
from itself

then it too would be lost
the way I was, any child is,
lost from itself into this other people world
where men brush pink stuff onto oak.

17 May 2012

SPIRIT

It took a long time and another language
to understand that what they meant was wind

the god animal
that roams the world
comes home in every breath

you can read the reaches where it's been
you can breathe the other even in

because the wild waits
in you
to receive
is to complete the world.

17 May 2012

= = = = =

Names of former politicians raise a smile
Chester Alan Arthur seems a kind of joke
though once he held the lives of prisoners in his hands
and could at his whim send expeditions off to war.

You laugh at the pomp of those who ruled us once
but groan at those who send your children off to kill and die
now, when the horror of George Bush's smirk
has not yet quite worn off, when two hundred
thousand damaged brains come home from the games
of recent presidents in the vaguely Orient. Will there ever
come such peace that we can smile at Cheney's name?

18 May 2012